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TIME FLIES







A BOOK OF EMBLEMS.



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A BOOK OF EMBLEMS.





A BOOK
OF EMBLEMS,
WITH INTERPRETATIONS THEREOF.
BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY,
AUTHOR OF PARABLES FROM NATURE, ETC.



LONDON:
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PREFACE.

OME explanation is due to the reader, who may observe that the English and foreign mottoes of these emblems do not always correspond. The truth is, the emblems are taken in nearly all cases from old foreign books : this style of literature having been at one time much more popular on the Continent than it has ever been in England. Quarles himself was indebted to the same source for many of the emblems which he made his own by his

beautiful verses, but without acknowledging the fact. In the present volume, however, we have thought it better to refer to the books from which the designs are taken, whilst reserving to ourselves the right of putting what interpretation we pleased upon them, and even of modifying and altering the motto if it seemed good to us. This will sufficiently account for the frequent discrepancies betwixt the two mottoes. These foreign books contain disquisitions upon the difference between devices and emblems; but we have classed all under the latter name as having a more general signification.

Simple devices are of very ancient origin; Moses is supposed to have borrowed the idea of them from the Egyptians, and they were

adopted by the twelve Tribes of Israel as indicated in Genesis, chap. xlix. Their symbols however were of the simplest kind, such as are still in use in savage countries. Of this there are examples in British Columbia amongst the American Indians, where the native tribes are formed into divisions, each one of which assumes for itself a badge, or "crest," as they call it. This is generally the figure of some animal, which is stuck upon a pole in front of their tents, and represents a porpoise, wolf, eagle, &c., reminding one of the lion of Judah, the ass of Issachar, the hind of Naphtali, &c. By-and-by, as civilization progressed, devices took a more complicated character, and were adopted not only by families, but by individuals. The

French claim to have been the originators of these devices proper, but they admit that the Italians carried them to greater perfection. They were required to have both body and soul ; that is to say, there was to be a bodily figure having two significations, a literal and an allegorical one. There was also to be a motto elucidating the latter.

The subjects were always to be refined and noble in their character : nothing monstrous or disgusting was to be introduced : nothing that could offend the sight or wound the imagination. They were, moreover, to be in harmony with the individual who adopted them ; and so one author finds fault with Pope Gregory XIII. for assuming the device of a dragon, as being inappropriate to the chief

pastor of the Christian flock. Nevertheless they contained no direct moral teaching. Moral or spiritual lessons were only introduced into them incidentally; and in this respect they strikingly differed from emblems proper, which are perfectly unfettered in their choice of subject, and pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, making profitable use of all humours. And inasmuch as it is only the moral and spiritual teachings in these quaint designs which have any interest for us, we have included under the name of Emblems only such devices as contain them.

We may add that we think a taste for emblems is natural to children, at least we can speak for ourselves. We can hardly remember the time when Quarles was not

dear to us, and what is more, our affection for him remains with us still. Nay, our intimate acquaintance with and love for his works paved the way for further interest in older books of the same kind, which fact may be accepted as a cause of the present volume being offered to the reader.

MARGARET GATTY.

June, 1872.

These Emblems first appeared in "AUNT JUDY'S MAGAZINE," from the pen of the Editor.



EMBLEMS.

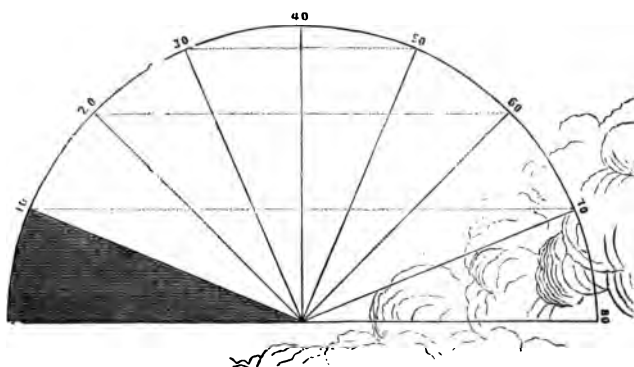


THE DIAL OF LIFE.

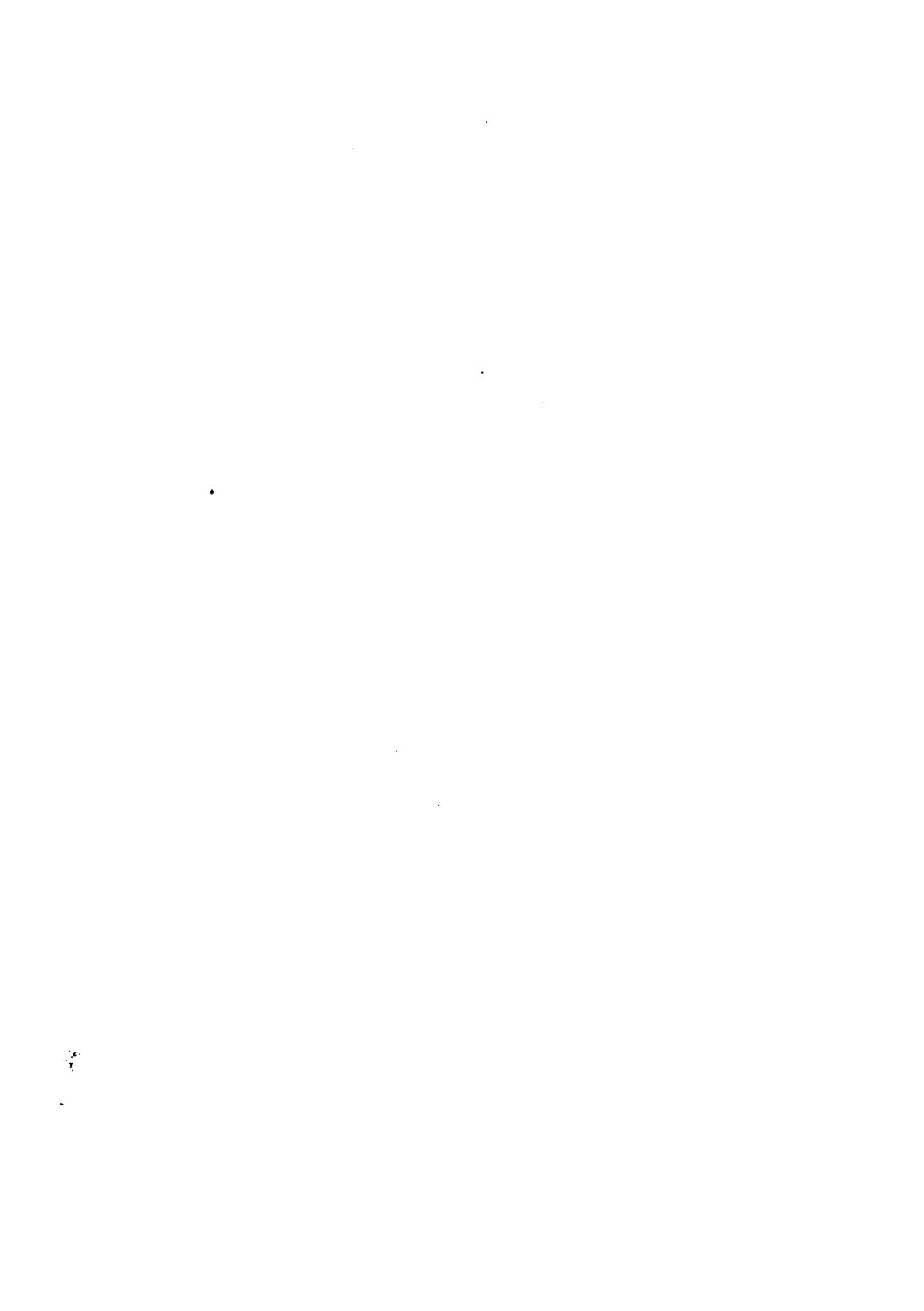
DESIGNED BY JAMES NASMYTH, ESQ.



HIS is a mysterious-looking figure, but it is easily explained. The half-circle represents a man's life, from his first birthday, down in the left corner, to the eightieth one he may possibly live to, in the corner opposite. Eighty years is the utmost allowance of time a man may reckon upon for doing any active work in the world ; and this is the reason why it is given as the limit on this dial. For, what do you think the dial is for ? Not only to remind the general looker-on of the age and infirmity and death which must one day come upon us all ; but to call the attention of the young to the glorious number of years God gives His creatures to be busy



TIME FLIES.



in—to the glorious opportunity they have therefore for doing something in the world : something good at any rate—possibly something great.

Take the case of some young friend who is but ten years old at the present time. We will explain the use of the dial to him.

And first, as he can do nothing now with the years he has already lived, we will shade them over. There ! it is done ; and now look what a little bit the shaded ten years is to the large space of seventy that lies beyond ! Well ; the lad has not lost much of his time yet, however little he may have accomplished. Besides, a boy is such a little boy up to ten years old, that very little is expected of him. Obedience and love, that is all. If he has allowed himself to be guided hitherto by others in his duties to God and man, it is enough ; he has done all he ought to have done, and might sleep in peace if the end were to come now.

But as it has not, only see what lies before him ! How many years of that beautiful white space of unused time, from the figure of 10 to the figure of 80, he cannot indeed tell ; but possibly numbers

and numbers of years, which it would take ever so long to count, even. Yes, think of this, happy ten-year-old child, and ask yourself what you will do with them. Each man's life, you know—that is each man's time on earth—is a gift of God, given him to do something with. We are none of us—no, not one—drifted into the world to toss up and down and tumble about by chance, like little bits of stick afloat on a river, till the great tide carries us away. No, for some mysterious reason God sends everybody into the world to do some special work ; and you have yours, depend upon it ; and day by day it will come under your hands to be done.

Be sure, then, that what “ your hand findeth to do ” you do ; and to remind yourself of this, as the years pass over, shade off each into the dead years, in which you can do nothing further, so that you may not deceive yourself as to how much remains. To every one living a white space does remain, and it is never too late to be up and doing.

See, now, the Dial of Life is the Dial of Life indeed—a dial of hope, a dial of promise. From the earliest ages the circle has been an emblem of

eternity. Here, then, is but a portion of it; the trial portion—the working portion. Work uprightly, and you need not fear what comes after. As to those clouds that you see coming up against the 80 in the right-hand corner; like all other clouds, they do but hide the heaven beyond.



HE MUST HAVE PLENTY OF BROTH WHO
WOULD STOP EVERYBODY'S
MOUTH.



ND then only for a time! Oh, you foolish old fellow with the spoon, helping the people all round, you are surely related to the Miller in Æsop's fable, who, going to market with his son and his ass, listened to all the tittle-tattle by the wayside; took everybody's opinion rather than his own; tried to please everybody rather than himself; and ended by pleasing nobody, not even himself!

See, now, how the folks gape! As fast as you fill one mouth another opens. The empty ones open to grumble at not being filled, and I wish the full ones may not open presently to find fault with your cooking!



HY MOET VEEL BRY HEBBEN, DIE ELCK DEN MONT
SAL STOPPEN.—*Cats.*

But come, old greybeard, you must turn wise
as Father Catz, who drew your picture, makes you
do ; and tell us your conclusions upon your past
experience.

“ I will go home and clean my hearth,
And heart and house, and keep them sweet ;
Then, come who will from all the earth,
I'll set before him wholesome meat ;

“ And offering this to friend or guest,
Or any man of honest mind,
I'll set all troubled thoughts at rest,
And let those grumble who're inclined.”

So be it : for the proverbs thicken around us.

“ He is indeed a knowing wight,
Who thinks to set the whole world right.”

“ He who builds by the roadside has a good
many advisers.”

“ Never saw I, all my days,
One who'd everybody's praise.”

“ He needs a clever counsel who is summoned
before the world's tribunal.”



IMPERIAL CUSTOM—SECOND NATURE.

Man.



NSLAVED, yet not wishing to be free ;
having wings, yet not caring to fly ;
born to soar, yet contented to sit ; a
denizen of the skies, yet grovelling
rather in a cage ; see what custom has brought
thee to, poor beautiful, degraded bird !

Bird.—Fine words, poet, fine words. I can
repeat them myself to you.

Man.—Parrot-like, poor Polly !

Bird.—Parrot-like, poor master ! That's just
what I say. Look at home, master, look at home !

Man.—What mean you, sirrah ? Am *I* enslaved,
think you, without caring to be free ? Have *I* wings
I do not use ? Was *I*, too, born to soar ? Am *I*



"GRAVISSIMUM IMPERIUM CONSUEUDINIS."

Dionysii Lebei-Batillii Emblemata.

a denizen of the skies, yet contented to grovel below?

Bird.—Parrot-like, poor master, yes. Enslaved to the world, without caring to be free. Having wings of thought, never unfolded. Able to soar in spirit, but loth to the effort. Born for heaven, but clinging fondly to earth; see what custom has brought thee to, poor, magnificent, degraded man!



BY YIELDING WE CONQUER.



AND these are *reeds shaken with the wind.*

Are we, then, to be carried about by every blast of feeling or opinion?—to yield, for yielding's sake, to evil as well as good? Is this to be the victory that overcometh?

Nay! but see you, it is the wind from heaven before which these reeds are bending, not the feeble breath of man. Understand the lesson, therefore, of submission to God's dealings with His creatures. Yea, and include among His dealings those which He permits as well as those which He ordains.

"It is easier and safer and more pleasant," says a wise old bishop, "to live in obedience than to be at our own disposing."

One fine autumn evening (1867) a lady on board



CEDENDO VICTOR ABIBIS.--Catz.

one of the stately steamers that ply on the Mississippi, "like castles on the deep," was watching the waves caused by the huge paddles of the vessel as they broke from time to time on the bank. Presently she noticed one larger than the rest gather itself up as if bent on destruction. On the bank stood a strong upright tree-trunk looking as if bent on resistance, while by its side a graceful branch stretched droopingly over the water. There was a crash! and the wave had burst,—alas! bearing away the broken tree-trunk on its bosom. But the branch, bending to the water, had passed under it, only to come out beautified and refreshed. Its tear-bedewed leaves glistened in the late sunshine as it rose uninjured to its place. *By yielding it had conquered*; and the lady brought the lesson home to England.



“WHEN GOD WILLS.”



UCH was the device of one William, of Henneberg, Prince, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire; of whom we know nothing now, but that it is long since he went to his rest:—a grafted tree with the motto, “When God Wills.”

Yes! “when God wills.” Meantime all we see here is a polled tree, its branches disfigured by lumps of clay. The skilled workman has gone his way, his own share in the matter is over, and he knows well that, though he has “proposed” and laboured accordingly—God must “dispose” at last. The tree stands there alone now, waiting the working of the mysterious law within. And that, so tended and cultured, it should one day bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit, might well be the



WAN GOTT WIL. *Jacobi Typhotii Symbola.*



gardener's reasonable hope when he left it : but which graft, if any, shall succeed, and which, if any, shall fail, it is beyond his province to determine, and out of all reason to fret about.

Let those who labour in the moral world take the lesson to heart. Churchmen, statesmen, parents, teachers—it speaks alike to all who labour for the good of others, *i.e.*, for the ingrafting of a higher law into a degenerated nature. See that you use the means appointed ; see that you have not your own indifference or negligence to blame for failure. But then be satisfied and go your way—it is not for you to know the times, and the seasons. “When God wills” the fruit will appear.

“The work its master glorifies
The blessing cometh from the skies.”



“WHEN THE ASS IS TOO WELL OFF, HE
GOES DANCING ON THE ICE.”



UGH! One has to be very cautious in giving advice to man, with his “god-like gift of reason,” lest he take offence instead of a hint! So we put his folly upon a guiltless donkey or goose, and strike the moral home to the higher animal by a side blow.

A well-to-do donkey really wanting to dance upon ice, for instance—who ever heard of such a thing? But a well-to-do man, wanting to show off beyond his means, and take a place he is not fitted for!—ah! one has not to go far to look for him!

Still, there lies the donkey in the picture, and I must whisper a word in his long ears. “Why did you leave safe ground for slippery places, when you did not know how to skate safely across them?”



WAN DEM EZEL ZU WOLL IST, SOO GEHET ER AUFFT
EISZ TANTZEN.—*Cats.*

“You had as much business there as any one else,” do you say? “You are as prosperous and well fed as anybody.”

A true ass’s answer, indeed! Will oats or beans even give you the paw of the bear, or the skate-making brain of man? Hush! donkey dear! The greatest secret of life is to know your own place in the world, and keep it till you are qualified for a better.



“NOT EARTHLY THINGS ONLY.”



NOT earthly things only do even Thy earthly creatures need, O Lord! What evil spirit whispers of independence to dependent man ?

Upon a distant Star (so distant that man may calculate and speak of, but cannot realize the space which lies between it and him,) does life of every sort in this our world depend. Extinguish that, and what becomes of this? Thence light and warmth, and dews and showers, and purifying storms.

Not earthly things only, therefore, do Thy servants ask. But those who beg must not seek to choose. It is easy to hold out hands into the pleasant sunshine or refreshing shower. When the storm comes, then comes the trial. Then must hands of faith



NON QUÆ SUPRA TERRAM.—*Jacobi Typotii Symbola.*



NOT EARTHLY THINGS ONLY. 31

still be stretched out: yea, though winds may chill,
and hailstones bruise. Still must the prayer go up,
“ *Not earthly things only*, O Lord ! and of heavenly
what Thou seest fit.”



“THUS, O MY SOUL!”*



HUS:” does the word need comment ?
would some one have it explained?

Thus through the realms of what
seems boundless space, stream rays
celestial, life-giving, from the fountain of light—the
mighty sun that rules our system—upon the little
earthly flower.

Thus turns the little earthly flower, day by day,
to its distant lord ; not discerning him by sight, but
seeking after him by the surer instinct of its inner
being.

. . . O heavenly light,—Light of light—so dis-

* *Ainsi mon Ame.* The emblem figured above with this
French motto was the original “sign” on Child’s Banking
House, and is still preserved within the building.



tant, yet so near ; present yonder, as a mighty power which none can fully comprehend ; present in our hearts by influences—life-giving, divine—which all may follow if they will : touch the mountains, pierce the valleys, descend upon thy human flowers ; draw us as Thou wouldst have us drawn—*thus* after Thee.

And thou, my soul, follow where that Light leads. As the sun its maker, as the flower its master, so thou thy GOD.

Thus, O my soul !



“AS YOU BREW SO YOU
MUST BAKE.”



S the good wife there knows well, and seems to be explaining to the child. For is not her one anxiety on baking day to obtain good yeast, and is not it sure to be good if proper materials—honest malt and hops—have been properly put together in the brewing ; otherwise there is no dependence to be placed in it ? And thus are human actions and events strangely interwoven, so that oftentimes retribution for wrong-doing comes from quarters the most unexpected.

Hear this, all ye youngsters who would fain reap harvests of things ye have not sown ; or, having sown the wind, are hoping to escape the whirlwind that follows : “ As you brew so you must bake.”

It is a coarse illustration of a great truth, that



"AS YOU BREW SO YOU MUST BAKE."



barrel, though, I am obliged to own. In these days one thinks of a brewer's vat as of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*—a receptacle of all abominations—"all ill running in" to make the "charm grow madder." Well, let the witches and brewers look to it! As they have brewed so shall they one day bake. Not literally, perhaps—oh no! we emblem-fanciers think little of the letter—it killeth—but though not literally, nevertheless not the less really.





Nay, there is freedom of action as well as Time and Chance both for the backgammon player and the man. The throws of dice can be played more ways than one. Unskilful play will often make a good throw useless, and skilful turn a bad one to good account.

And if we do not say *always*, that is because we are speaking of backgammon as well as life. Of life we might say *always*. As far as this world goes, however, the simile is a correct one, and the Emblem would bear two mottoes—"Such is the Life of Man," and "Unlucky accidents are to be borne and made the best of:" for that is what may be called the very beauty of the game.



"THE HUNCHBACK SEES HIS
NEIGHBOUR'S HUMP,
NOT HIS OWN."



HE that diligently watches himself will be willing enough to be silent concerning others," says good old Jeremy Taylor; and a truer word was never spoken. Hunchbacks, hear this! and we are all hunchbacks, more or less, if we could but see it. But to see ourselves bodily as others see us would not be possible, unless we lived in a room lined with mirrors; and even then the mind would warp the eye. Yet to see ourselves morally as others see us is more difficult still. That is the greatest of all secrets; the real "know thyself," which philosophers talk about. There is a clever joke in a modern tale ("Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"), that when two people sit



EL CORCOBADO NO VEE SU CORCOBA, Y VEE LA DE SU
COMOANNON. *Catz.*

down to talk together there are really six in conversation. Call them "John and Thomas," and you will see. There is, first, John as he thinks he is himself; second, John as Thomas thinks he is; third, John as his Maker knows him to be: and the same with Thomas. There is one comfort, however: it matters very little to us how our neighbours see us, provided we see ourselves as God sees us. Neither John nor Thomas need mind, therefore, if they will only try to know themselves as their Maker knows them.



“NOW OR NEVER.”



LITTLE Bear, stand still! If you are ever to be licked into shape, it is now. When you are a great, big, grown-up bear, there will be no chance for you. There will be nobody to lick you, to begin with; and, besides that, your joints will be so stiff, and the hairs of your fur so bristly, that if you had a dozen mammas, ready and willing, they would not be able to smooth you down. As it is—round, rough ball as you are—there is every chance (if you will but stand quiet, you know) of your turning out very tidy and respectable—even shapely, indeed—for a bear.

You had rather be the sort of bear you are of yourself, do you say? No! don't say it, there's a



CURA ANIMI IMPRIMIS GERENDA.

Schoonhovii Emblemata.



good little cub, for you can't mean it really. I know what you would like, better than you do, because I know how you will feel by-and-by. And I will tell you what you would like: you would like to be a good-looking, lively, healthy, clever bear, able to take care of yourself in the forests, if that is your fate; or fit to live in the Zoological Gardens, climb a pole gracefully, and eat buns offered you by pretty little hands of other pretty little cubs. There, there! put down that restless paw, and let your poor mother do her best for you.



“THE ASS MAY BE INVITED TO COURT,
BUT IT IS ONLY TO CARRY
•
BURDENS.”



HE ass in Father Catz's emblem speaks. He tells how gladly he left the grass to trot along the dusty road to Court; how his eyes were dazzled, when he got there, by the sight of mules and horses richly caparisoned, and with jewelled saddles, &c., &c. Beholding which, "My day of honour is come," thought he. But even at that moment up comes a rough fellow, who flings a pack on his back, and shouts to him with a kick to be off with it to the mill. At that one kick his castle in the air fell down. "Stupid beast that I was!" cried he. "What



MAN RUFFT DEM EZEL NIT GEN HOFF, ER SALL DANN
SACK TRAGEN.

Catz.



could I expect to do here but what I have always done?"

"They don't ask asses to the Court,
For honour, ornament, or sport,
But ass-like asses' work to do,
And fardels bear, and insults too!"

Observe, young reader, that the moral does not hit those, whose noble ambition it is to rise by self-improvement; only the asses, and such-like of the world, who over-estimate themselves and their vocation.



WHO FEELS THE NEED SEEKS
THE REMEDY.



THIRSTY traveller, you know this well! While the morning was young, and your spirit fresh, before the drought had parched your lips, you may have thought little of the fountain of waters, though it flowed for you even then.

But now we behold you “as a hart desiring the water-brooks”—as a sick man running to the physician,—hearing, as in a dream, perhaps, something beyond all this, even the Scripture invitation: “Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters.”

Pilgrim of the world, if it be so, listen. Physical life is but a shadow of the spiritual—a dim shadow, but opening many a solemn truth by small similitudes. Feel the need, and you will seek the remedy;



WHO FEELS THE NEED SEEKS THE REMEDY.

or, if you cannot apprehend it now, dare to look forward to the aching head and weary heart of noonday toil. Heavy may be your burden, rough your road ; but for you, too, flow the living waters fresh from the throne of God.



TOGETHER WE SUFFER
AND REJOICE.



R. WORLDLY WISEMAN, of the good old book, would call this very silly. "Because the storm has beaten the tree down," he would say, "it has not therefore beaten *you* down, oh vine! You are free to turn aside to some other firmer support. Would you have the tree so selfish as to wish otherwise? And you, oh tree, now that you are down in the dust and must decay; whose leaves are already beginning to droop and fade, and who will ere long be a derision to them that pass by; how can you bear the mocking kindness of that vine, creeping over you and putting you to shame? see its bright leaves and tendrils making their boast, as they



SEQUOR AMPLECTORQUE CADENTEM.

Pere le Moyne, "De l'Art des Devises."

“THERE’S MANY A SLIP ’TWIXT THE
CUP AND THE LIP.”



T last, madam !” cries good dog Carlo, as he overtakes Mrs. Diving-Duck at breakfast ; tail upwards, head downwards, picking her food out of the mud with her bill. Now he comes nearer and nearer ; now he is close upon her ; now he opens his mouth to seize her ; but——

“Your servant, sir !” says she, and disappears under the water.

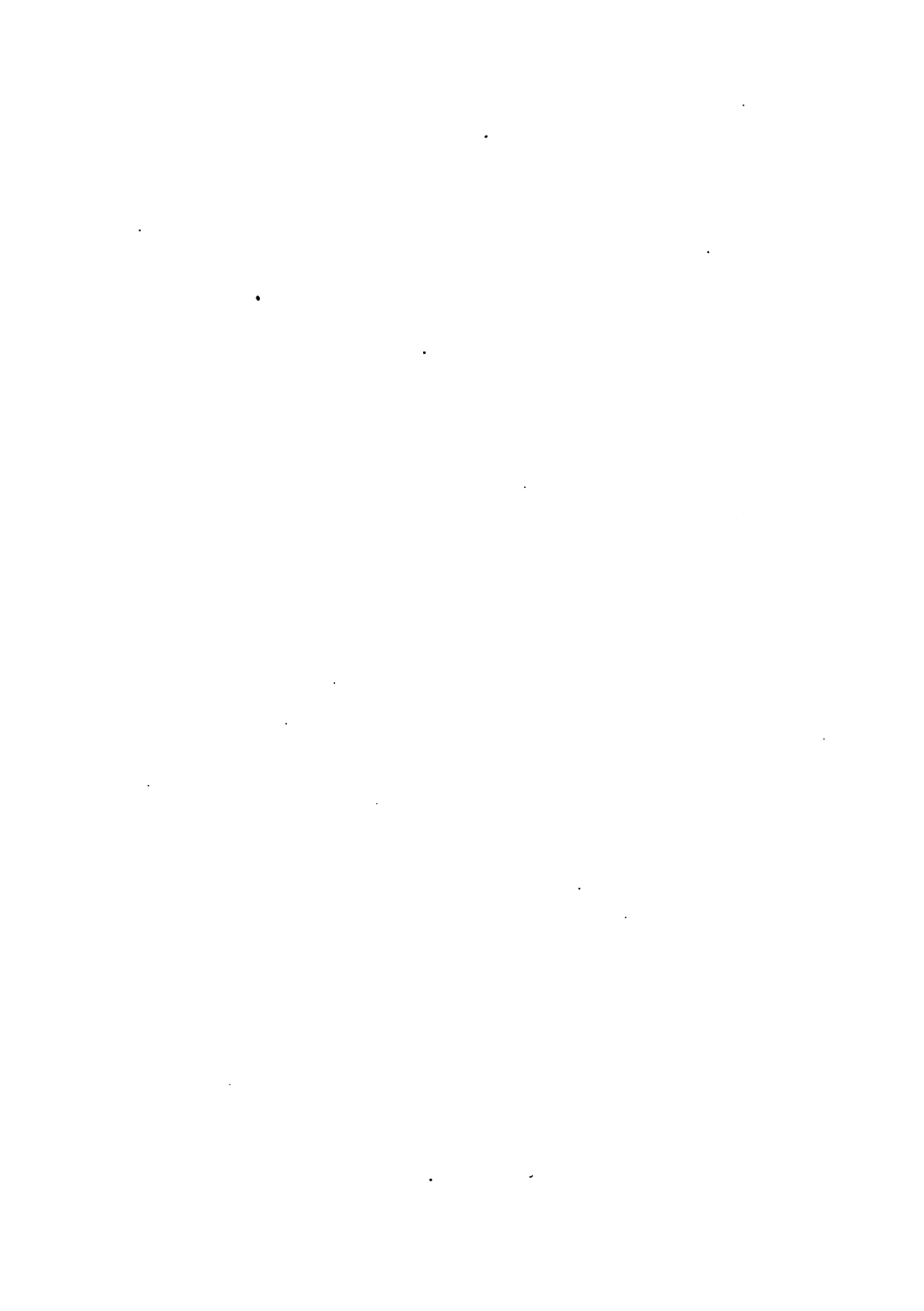
“Surely she was here just now,” whines Carlo, as he paddles round and round on the spot where she sank. “Surely she was here just now !”

Just now, poor Carlo, yes ! but where *now* ?

Yonder, half-way down the pond, pops up a tiny feathery form. Its bill is broad, its eye is bright—it swims prettily awhile on the surface ;



INTER MANUM ET MENTUM. *Catz.*



then the head goes down, the tail goes up—madam is at her breakfast again in the mud.

And here comes Carlo after her once more. Once more? it is for the twentieth time perhaps. Now at any rate he is sure he sees her—now for once the prize is within his grasp. "*At last, madam!*"

Oh, the numberless vain "at lasts" of sanguine men! Fortune is often painted as a goddess with her feet on the rolling globe. I would paint her as a diving-duck with the nobler animal in chase.



SHOW ME THY WAYS, O LORD.



NOT in the spirit of curiosity or vain-glory: not because I would be wiser and greater than Thou hast ordained, do I ask this; nevertheless, show me Thy ways, O Lord!

Show me Thy ways, that my helpless bark may be guided over the waves of this troublesome world to the unseen haven beyond. Open up the skies, Lord, and shine down: scatter the vapours, and let there be light. Be gracious to the spiritual as to the visible world, where the darkest night has a certainty of dawn. Lord! show me Thy ways.

Rocks are around me, however hidden from sight: tempests are before me, however distant



DOMINE, VIAS TUAS DEMONSTRA MIHI.

Jacobi Typotii Symbola.

SHOW ME THY WAYS, O LORD. 71

they may loom : earthly beacons may fail or deceive. I float upon an ocean I cannot fathom ; above me lies a heaven I cannot pierce. From whence I come there is no one to tell me ; whither I am drifting none can reveal. Lord ! show me Thy ways.



I ALSO AM UNDER AUTHORITY.



HARLES LAMB called the sun-dial "the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world;" and adds, "Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise."

Missed measuring the progress of the day by shadows, that is to say; for trees cast them, and that regularly, only we do not note the times and places of their appearing. And this is what the dial does, only more conveniently, for the gnomon coming between the sun and dial-plate intercepts his rays, and whatever does that, casts a shadow; and he is a simpleton indeed who, looking at a dial-plate in full sunshine, cannot tell at what hour the shadow is standing. *Is standing*, do I say? when there is no standing at all, either for the shadow or for us. For as the sun moves it moves, and as it moves life moves too. "While thou lookest at me thou growest older," says one dial.



NON REGO NISI REGAR.

Dial motto.

"Your time passes away like a shadow," whispers a second. "The night cometh," warns a third. "Alas, how fleeting!" mourns a fourth. "Now or when?" asks a fifth. "I only number bright hours," murmurs a sixth, with a sigh, perhaps, for cloudy England. But almost grander are those which acknowledge the Power above—the Ruler whose rule they follow—the Leading Star by which they guide. "Not without the ray celestial," acknowledges one. "I guide not except I am guided," protests another. "Without Thee I am silent," admits a third. "*I also am under authority,*" says the one figured above.

It was a great faith which spoke that once. It acknowledged fealty while it claimed obedience. It recognised the Overruler of all. Let that faith be ours!



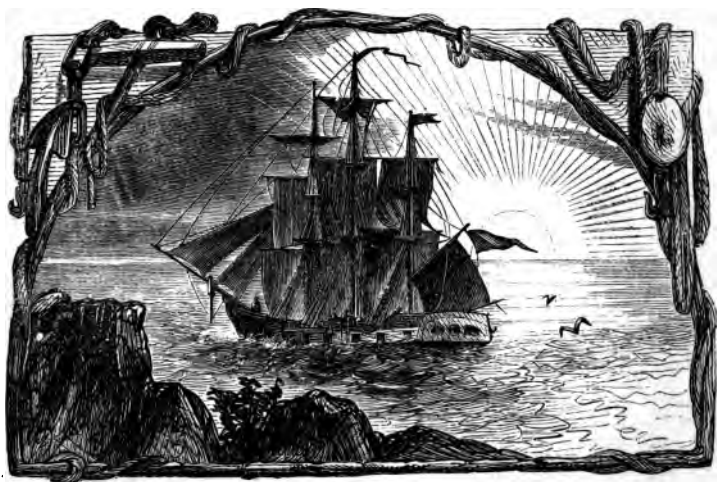
“ THEY DESIRE A BETTER
COUNTRY.” *Heb. xi. 16.*



THE first shock of parting is over. Mother, look up! Have they not gone to seek afar off that happy, prosperous home, which the circumstances of social life in the old land do not always allow its children?

When the first letters come, which tell the only news worth hearing, viz.: that all is well with your dear ones, how peaceful will be the smile on your lips, how glad and grateful the heart within your bosom! what a sweet sleep will steal over your eyes that night as they close upon tears of joy! All is well! Details may amuse or interest, but the comfort lies in those three brief words—All is well.

And there is a land whence no letters come with the message of “ All is well ;” but there all *is* well,



"THEY DESIRE A BETTER COUNTRY." *Heb. xi. 16.*

with a certainty that knows no change to those who have reached it—"having desired that better country" while in life.

Bereaved ones—mourners—why do you call yourselves so? Your dear ones are not the less yours because absent now, and you, desiring the same land, will rejoin them soon. Tears, indeed, are not forbidden, but when they rain heaviest, accept the comfort of what you believe; and again and again say to yourselves, "All is well, indeed, though

‘ In dear words of human speech,
We two communicate no more.’ ”



“WITHOUT LOSING ITS OWN
LIGHT.”



S thy light less or worse for lighting mine ?” sings our English emblematicist, Francis Quarles, though upon a different emblem, viz., a light shut up in a dark lantern. *That* shows what we ought not to do ; *this* what we ought. But observe, the lesson taught here is not only or exactly that we are to let our light shine before men, but that we are to share it with them. What does this light symbolize then, which we can share with others without diminution to ourselves ? Not worldly goods, since what we give of them to others we are losers by ourselves ; but spiritual advantages—light intellectual in all its branches, human and divine, with which whoever possesses it can enrich his neighbours without im-



WITHOUT LOSING ITS OWN LIGHT. 83

poverishing himself. This, for good or for evil, is the power of the word. Is it enough thought about or made use of in the intercourse of society, in the exchanges of conversation, and by those who are most able to influence their neighbours?



"I REJOICE IN THE PRESENT, AND
HAVE BETTER THINGS
IN STORE."



THE little wild strawberry-plant leads "melodious days" indeed. Happy in the present, still richer in the future. There are moments in life when one would like to be it, or anything, whose fate is overruled for good by irresistible power ; the flower of whose youth is the sure forerunner of worthy fruit in ripe age ; which can yield to the storm without suffering, and cling safely without effort to earth's protecting bosom.

We too, indeed, must lie still, and let the winds of Heaven do their will upon us ; but the necessity is our cross and not our comfort—no ease, but a fierce wrestling, of which that of Jacob with the angel is but a type—not bodily, or this would be the age of virtuous men, but spiritual—a wrest-



DEL PRESENTE MI GODO E MEGLIO ASPETTO. *Vocabolario*
degli accademici della crusca.

ling with the Apollyon of human pride. And to cling fast to our protector—the God of our life—when the storms of sorrow and sin have hidden Him from our sight ; yea, to hold on, blinded, miserable, and almost despairing, through the night, as Jacob did, till the dawn broke and the blessing came—this is no pleasant yielding to a natural impulse ; but a battle, a deadly battle, with the evil spirits of distrust and unbelief.

Nevertheless, for the sake of the glory that shall be revealed :

“ On! Christian souls, all base temptations spurning,
Drown coward thoughts in Faith’s triumphant hymn,
Since Jesus suffered, our salvation earning,
Shall we not toil that we may rest with Him ?
Soldiers of Jesus ! Blest who endure,
Stand in the battle, the victory is sure.”



“WE COVET NOT AMBROSIA
OR NECTAR.”



Of course not, being dirty pigs; but what is the moral of that?"

Softly! These are not, to begin with, dirty pigs. Not the miserable sty-pigs men shut up, and make filthy and greedy, against the laws of their own nature. These are the neat, bright little black pigs of forest life. You will see plenty such, if you go to the New Forest and look around you,—shiny fellows with curly tails, lively as grigs,—running in and out among the red and gold foliage of oaks and beeches, and crunching acorns to their hearts' content. I do not mean to say they are never dirty, of course. Forests have swamps and marshy ground, here and there; and they plunge in and get wet, and scramble out muddy, perhaps. But they soon



AMBROSIA E NETTAR NON INVIDIO A GIOVE. *Vocabolario*
degli accademici della crusca.

shake and rub themselves clean among the bracken fronds and in the fine pasture grass under the trees; and there stands the happy company, taking their wholesome meal off the clean green herb, instead of gobbling it, scaly-backed and hurried, out of a trough.

But let that pass. You want the moral, and it is not far off. The simple pleasures which God gives you to enjoy, enjoy and be satisfied with. Covet no man's silver or gold, or food or drink, or clothing. There may be luxury in kings' palaces, no doubt, and for those who are born to it, it has its purpose; but acorns in the fresh air taste better than the finest meal-mash out of a trough.



‘IF EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS
OWN DOOR, ALL THE STREET
WOULD BE CLEAN;”



R, as the proverb says more bluntly, “If every one would mend *one*, all would be mended.” Still, it is not always the bluntest speaking which makes the strongest impression, and an emblem has a great advantage over a proverb in being a two-edged sword, striking two ways, though so delicately that people are not offended by the blow. Anybody can see that the dirtiest village would be made clean if not only the parson and doctor, but shopkeepers, and farmers, and labouring men would all sweep before their own doors, see that their own drains were not stopped up, &c., &c. And, admitting this, he must be worthy a fool’s cap and bells



who cannot make the higher application for himself! This is offensive teaching, however, to certain classes of mind. The impetuous enthusiast likes to accomplish grand purposes by grand means,— would with pleasure hire an engine and swill down a dirty street at a blow, with or without neighbours' consent: would like to initiate some extensive measures of social reform, which should, at any rate for a time, sweep sin from off the face of the earth.

To such, the dull, unimposing, unambitious daily task of sweeping before his own door is repugnant. Nevertheless, whatever else a man can do, let him beware how he neglects that!



“ROASTED PIGEONS’ FLY INTO
NOBODY’S MOUTH.”



XCEPT in that delicious “Fool’s Paradise” of Herr Bechstein’s fairy tale—where little pigs run to you with knives and forks in their backs ready for carving, and ribbons and laces grow in hedges and offer themselves to your hand as you pass by. But then that is a place nobody can get to, without eating through the gingerbread wall which lies between us and it; and exactly where that is to be found, who knows? I do not; nor yet how thick the wall is, nor what the gingerbread tastes like; and yet these are very important considerations. It is not the great wall of China—*that* I do know; but I fear the negative information won’t help us much in the search. So, on the whole, it



ES FLIEGEN KEINE GEBRATENE TAUBE IN'S MAUL.



is perhaps best for people to stay at home and do their own work—the trouble of hunting for the place where it would be done for them being so great, and the results so uncertain.

But here I sit preaching away, and the man doesn't listen. Ho! you under the tree, there; do you see those pigeons flying away over your head? How are you to cook and eat them, if you don't catch them first? Well! only don't complain of your "fate," when you wake, that's all. Don't blame "destiny," if you get nothing for dinner. And do not try to carry it off by declaring you had the most miserable luck in the world, "not a single shot the whole day"—the whole *sleep*, you ought to say. The luck has flown over your head.



“SECURELY ROOTED.”



LOW wind, and crack your cheeks!"—but it is in vain. You may bend the outer branches, it is true, for it is their nature to be gentle and yielding; and they do not much care to resist you; but each has a counterpart root in the soil below, and by these the tree holds fast in spite of you. This is no house built on the sand—no pretty branch stuck in the ground for mere show's sake, for the first blast to overthrow. The tree makes a beautiful show, no doubt; she "stretches out her branches to the sea, and her boughs to the river," and her foliage is a pleasant sight to look upon; but she would perish from off the face of the earth in the first storm, were this all—were it not that for every outward grace she displays, there is a deeper corresponding



SECURA SUIS RADICIBUS. *Philothei symbola Christiana.*

"SECURELY ROOTED."



LOW wind, and crack your cheeks!" but it is in vain. You may bend outer branches, it is true, for it is the nature to be gentle and yielding; they do not much care to resist you; but each a counterpart root in the soil below, and by the tree holds fast in spite of you. This house built on the sand—no pretty branch sticks the ground for mere show's sake, for the first to overthrow. The tree makes a beautiful no doubt; she "stretches out her branches to sea, and her boughs to the river," and a pleasant sight to look upon; but from off the face of the earth were this all—were it not that the grace she displays, there is a



SECURA SUIS RADICIBUS. *Philothei symbola Christiana.*

life below the surface. So are these outside developments, not outside developments only; but witnesses of something more enduring beyond.

Young readers, who rejoice to deck yourselves in the outward graces of virtue, and live in the smiles and approbation of the world, beware of cultivating outward graces only—be sure there is the deeper corresponding life within the heart.

Only when “securely rooted” can the tree stand fast in the storm.



EVER UPWARDS.



MAN is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." There may be doubt as to the correctness of this text, but there can be none as to the truth of the statement. Man *is* born to trouble, whoever and wherever he may be ; and sparks *do* fly upwards. So, flame.

Reverse your torch, unbelieving inquirer ! Throw it down—trample on it, if you choose. You struggle in vain. While life—*i. e.* its fire—exists, the flame will continue to go upwards. It owns no obedience to you—the law of its nature is stronger—while it has life it will soar upwards. Upwards, in spite of all your efforts to thwart it : upwards, through any clouds which may gather round it.



SEMPER SURSUM. *Mondo simbolico dell' Abbate Picinelli.*

Upwards, an emblem not of the earthly trouble which now darkens the horizon, now passes away like a vapour; but of the heavenly faith which rises through all obstructions and soars above all misgivings—upwards—ever upwards to the footstool of the Lord God Omnipotent, who ruleth over all.



“WHAT I CARRY IN MY BOSOM I
BEAR ON MY FACE.”

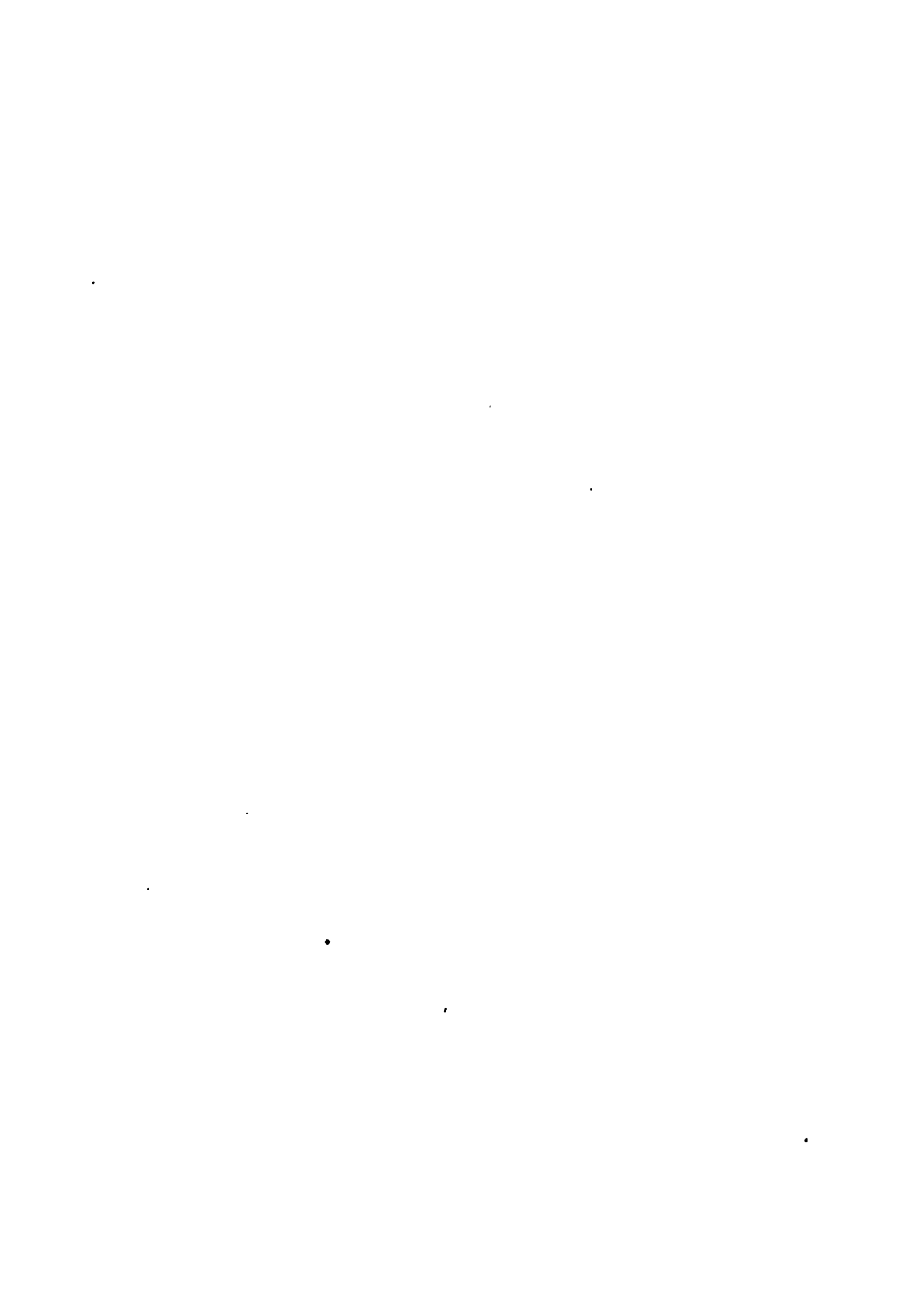


IF the clock were not to do this, how could we ever trust it for telling us the time of day? If the face deceives us, it is vain for us that the works go well within. If ever this does happen, (as when the hour or minute hand are bent or otherwise injured and stick fast,) then our watch or clock is useless, and we take it to a clock-doctor to be put right.

The application is obvious, to the value of moral sincerity—the truth-telling of speech and look, the honesty which never allows either face or tongue to express what does not correspond with the inner workings of heart and mind.



QUEL CHE CELA NEL SEN, SCOPRA NEL VOLTO. *Mondo simbolico*
dell' Abbate D. Filippo Picinelli.



True, this is a similitude which will not bear pushing to extremity. Few will, perhaps. But in a state of society where small treacheries are so common that men and women deceive each other daily, where a want of openness is even occasionally advised and made a merit of, we are tempted to think we may quite safely advise a nearer approach to the truth-telling of our timepieces ! Clocks and watches teach us many lessons, and this among them, that we ought never, even for a supposed good end, much less a bad one, to show a false face to each other.

But the emblem-artist has figured children as well as a clock, and not without reason. With rare exceptions they teach us the same lesson by an example, which often and often puts to shame our worldly-wise insincerity. Oh, children, you will never know the value of childhood till you have left it behind you ! But among its many privileges, none is more precious than that it is still untempted by the mean sins of worldly-mindedness ! Fix your eyes on the timepiece then, and be children to the last in that one respect, at any rate.

“ MADE PERFECT THROUGH
SUFFERING.”

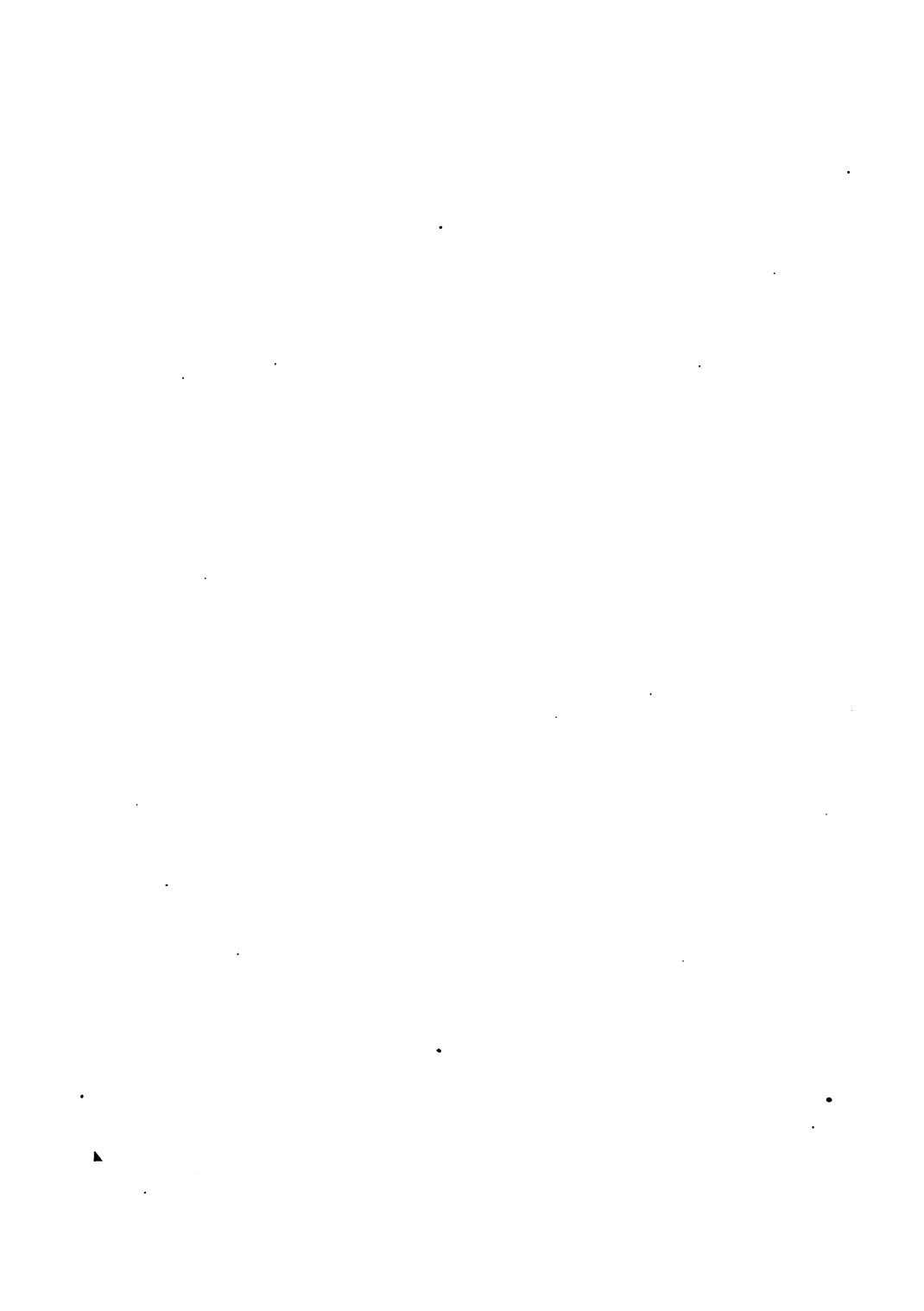


BE mute, O marble, under the master's hand, if thou would'st not be mute for ever. Let the chisel and mallet work his will now : so shalt thou one day become a breathing shape, and take thy place in halls of light, telling of Justice, Victory, or, it may be, Peace and Plenty, to admiring crowds.

It is rough treatment, but thine is a rough nature : the blows fall hard and sharp, but soft ones would not shape thee. It is weary work to bear, but if thy master weary not, do not thou. Thou art but one of many, and hast but one burden to bear. He would have all made perfect, and must mould and temper all. Rejoice in the strokes



PERCUTIOR UT PERFICIAR. *Pere le Moyne, "De l'Art
des Devises."*



that awaken thee to life, transforming the soulless
crag into the just proportions of angelic beauty ;
softening the harsh outlines ; polishing the rough
surfaces ; bringing all things in subjection to the
harmony of his will.

As clay in the hands of the potter, so art thou in
the hands of thy master. Exult in the brief adver-
sity, if he be a Phidias fashioning thee to be a god.



WHITHERSOEVER THOU
LEADEST.



STRANGE, that the acknowledged emblem of all inconstancy should also symbolize the patient endurance of the Christian saint—"Thy will be done" the outward expression thereof.

Yet so it is; and we do well to learn from the weathercock both the higher and lower lessons. "Breath of the Lord, whithersoever Thou leadest, I am contented to be led. I ask not for soft breezes and gentle guidance only. Based on that Rock, which no earthly power has force to overthrow—the Church of Christ—I hold fast amidst the shocks of tempests and the war of winds;



WERWAERTS GODT WIL. *Catz.*

WHITHERSOEVER THOU LEADEST. 119

turning evermore whithersoever Thou leadest.
'Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken.'"



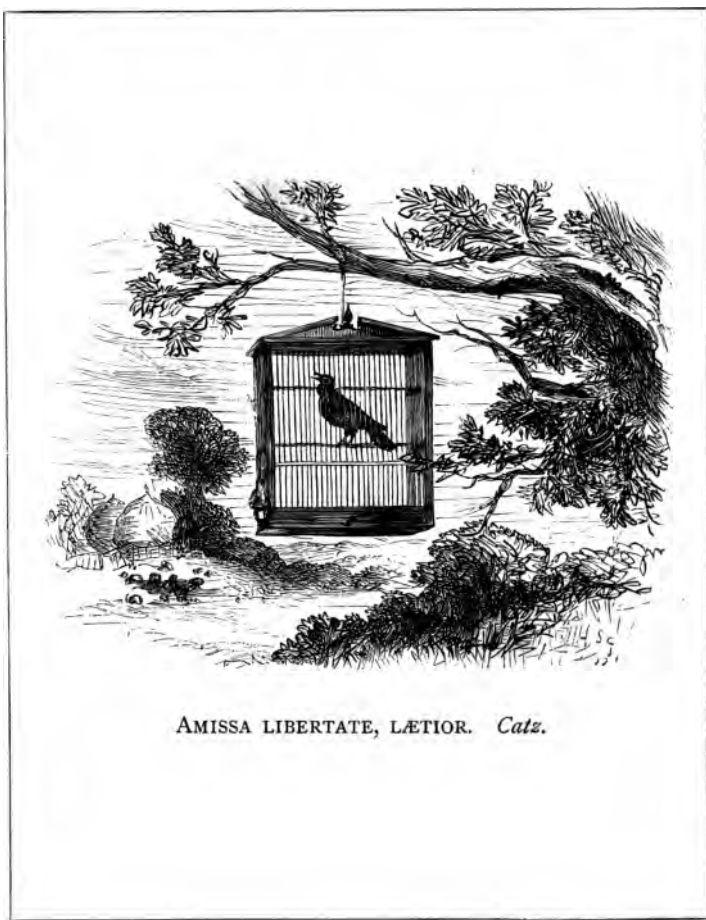
THE SOFTENING INFLUENCE OF USE.



THE heavy weight of custom," says Wordsworth ; and this enunciates one of the lessons, but one only, which our emblem can teach.

The heavy weight of custom. Yes ! by it the slave becomes so used to his degrading slavery, that his mind ceases to revolt from its unworthy chains—nay, lowers itself so as to have no wish beyond. Just as the bird, although gifted with wings to soar, becomes contented enough with confinement to lift up its voice in song. Let those who are falling under the tyranny of the world, the flesh, or the devil, take the warning.

But now look at the picture from another point



of view. Change the motto to "*the softening influence of use,*" and you will recognise the merciful law of nature, which (provided he does not stubbornly resist) enables a man to bear up, even with cheerfulness, under trials the most distasteful to his nature.

What evil equals that of a bird, with its large lungs, broad wings, and capacity for flight over land and sea, pent up in a narrow cage, where all use of its powers is impossible? Not many. And yet in time the poor little thing sings even there. Afflicted ones, the application is for you! Be sure that nature works herein with grace—that there is no ill the flesh is heir to which will not be modified by *the softening influence of use.*



PARABOLIC.



N old man, bowed down with infirmity,
became at last bedridden. His friends
condoled with him: one sat by his
bed-side and wept.

“Rejoice rather,” said the sick man; “while I
was up, my eyes were bent to the earth: now I
am down, they are turned upwards—to Heaven.”

